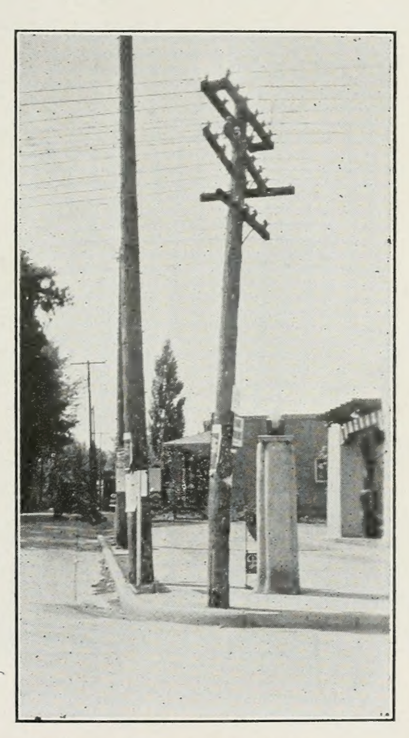
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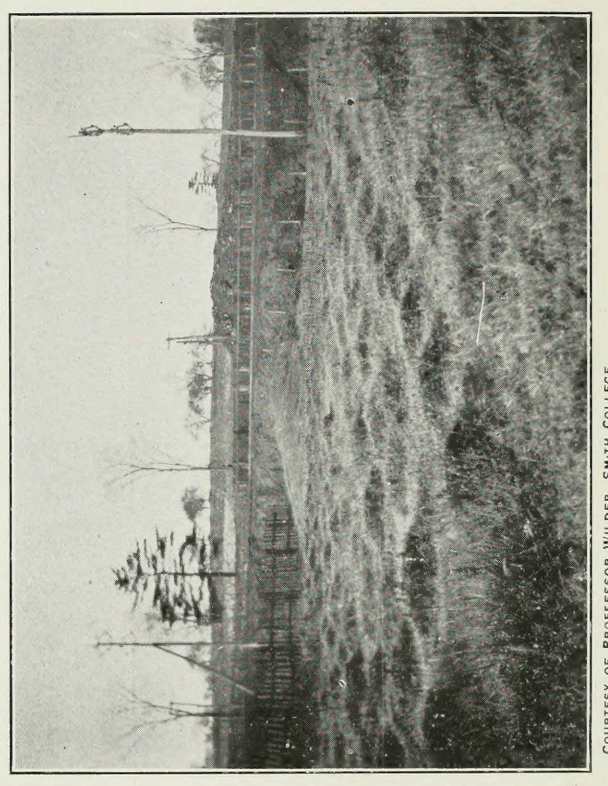
El Palacio

Vol. XX. JANUARY 15, 1926. No. 2.



From Photograph by Mrs. H. K. Estabrook

An Indian Trail of Yesterday



COURTESY OF PROFFESSOR WILDER, SMITH COLLEGE

ANCIENT INDIAN CORN FIELD, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

NEW MEXICO

The balmy climes and sunny skies
  Of which our land may boast,
And Nature's haunts surpassing fair
  New Mexico has most.

Upon its mesas and its plains,
  The thorny cactus grows,
And in the vales by crystal streams,
  The dainty wild flower blows.

Twittering blue birds fly above
  The piñon trees of green,
And from the mountain heights resound
  Their joyous notes serene.

Enchanting land of fairy sheen,
  By dawn or sunset's glow!
Kind Nature seems in sheer delight
  Her choice gifts to bestow.

A fairer clime 'neath bluer skies,
  No other state may show.
In peerless beauty stands alone,
  Far-famed New Mexico.

By Josephine S. Harkins.

THE LIVING PAST

By Emma Franklin Estabrook

We were motoring through the desert of northern New Mexico when my companion turning said to me: "How useless the life of the American Indian seems to have been. Even those old ruins that we have seen are nothing but piles of mud bricks; and the descendants of those people of the past still live in the same mud houses in which they were found by the Spaniards four hundred years ago. Civilization owes nothing to the American Indian." The words broke the silence and seemed an insult to a scene of primeval grandeur.

On the horizon against a turquoise sky rose a range of mountains of clear, metallic blue; in the middle distance, the mineral-colored bed of a prehistoric inland sea proclaimed kinship with the "Painted Desert;" about us the stiff green pinon, not higher than a man,--the low, feathery gray chamiza,-and the antlered cactus dotted, like sentinels, the brown sand of the desert. No sign of animal life,except now and then the iridescent wing of the pinon jay as he flitted from pine to pine, or a frightened jack-rabbit, scarcely touching the ground as with long ears erect he bounded away in search of a hiding place. Two

tall, young Indians approached on their way to their fields, each with hoe--the farm tool of his ancestors--over shoulder, and plaited hair falling on either side of his face.

The words rang in my ears,--"Civilization owes nothing to the American Indian." Then it was that the conversation with my traveling companion turned upon the past and the present. His was the common story; satisfaction with our present age even to the point of being unwilling to consider that this century, though giving much to mankind, *may*, have received more from the accumulated labor of past ages. Did he know that at the time of Columbus the Indian tillers of the soil far outnumbered the nomadic Indians?-- that the ancestors of the present red men gave to the European foods and other valuables before unknown to the world, peculiar to the American continent, and the sole result of the red man's discovery? Could he not see that, as a house rests upon the hidden stones of its foundation, so the Twentieth Century rests upon the stone ages of the past? Our argument was at its height when the automobile stopped before a wooden door in the adobe wall surrounding a ranch. As the door was opened, a friendly collie thrust his nose into the palm of my hand. We were in a true Garden of Eden!

The change from the parched earth outside to this spot of luxuriant beauty brought a sudden

and deep realization of the inherent power of man, whatever his color, to extract from Nature the answers that he desires. A walk,--bordered with flowers, the velvet-blue of the larkspur enhancing the golden glory of the calendula,--divided a lawn of vivid green. Peach and pear trees, with their ripening fruit, shaded the walk. The porticos of the one-story adobe house, on three sides of the placita, were azure with the flowers of the heavenly blue morning-glory. And, as though to frame the picture, the adobe wall that shut out the desert glowed with hollyhocks and poppies.

But this was not all. Our host seemed bent upon exhibiting some of the contributions of the red man to the white man's civilzation; for at dinner and at supper there were set before us turkey, Indian corn, sweet and white potatoes, tomatoes, tapioca, pineapples, cocoa, maple sugar, peanuts, and pecan, pinon and cashew nuts.

My thoughts then returned to the conversation of our journey. My companion had argued that because of the discoveries of science, modern civilization stands alone, superior to all other civilization; and that the past with its "outworn" customs has no place in the life of today. I had maintained that the past and the present are one; that the discoveries and the appropriations of foods were as important to social progress as

the discoveries and the appropriations of science; and that our age can give its time and thought to the wonders of science because men of the stone ages had set us free from the first necessity of evolving foods from the wild plants of the earth. And my thoughts became of special significance, as from the house door of a nearby pueblo I heard the gentle voice of an Indian girl, as she ground the corn, singing an ancient corn-song of her people:—

"Lovely! See the cloud, the cloud appear!
Lovely! See the rain, the rain draw near!
    Who spoke?
'Twas the little corn-ear
High on the tip of the stalk
Singing while it looked at me
    Talking aloft there—
'Ah, perchance the floods
    Hither moving—
Ah, may the floods come this way!'

"Yonder, yonder the fair rainbow,
"Yonder, yonder the fair rainbow,
See the rainbow brightly decked and
    painted!
Now the swallow bringeth glad news to
    your corn,
Singing, 'Hitherward, hitherward, hither-
    ward, rain,

Hither come!
Hither come!
Now hear the corn-plants murmur,
'We are growing, everywhere!
Hi, yai! The world, how fair!'

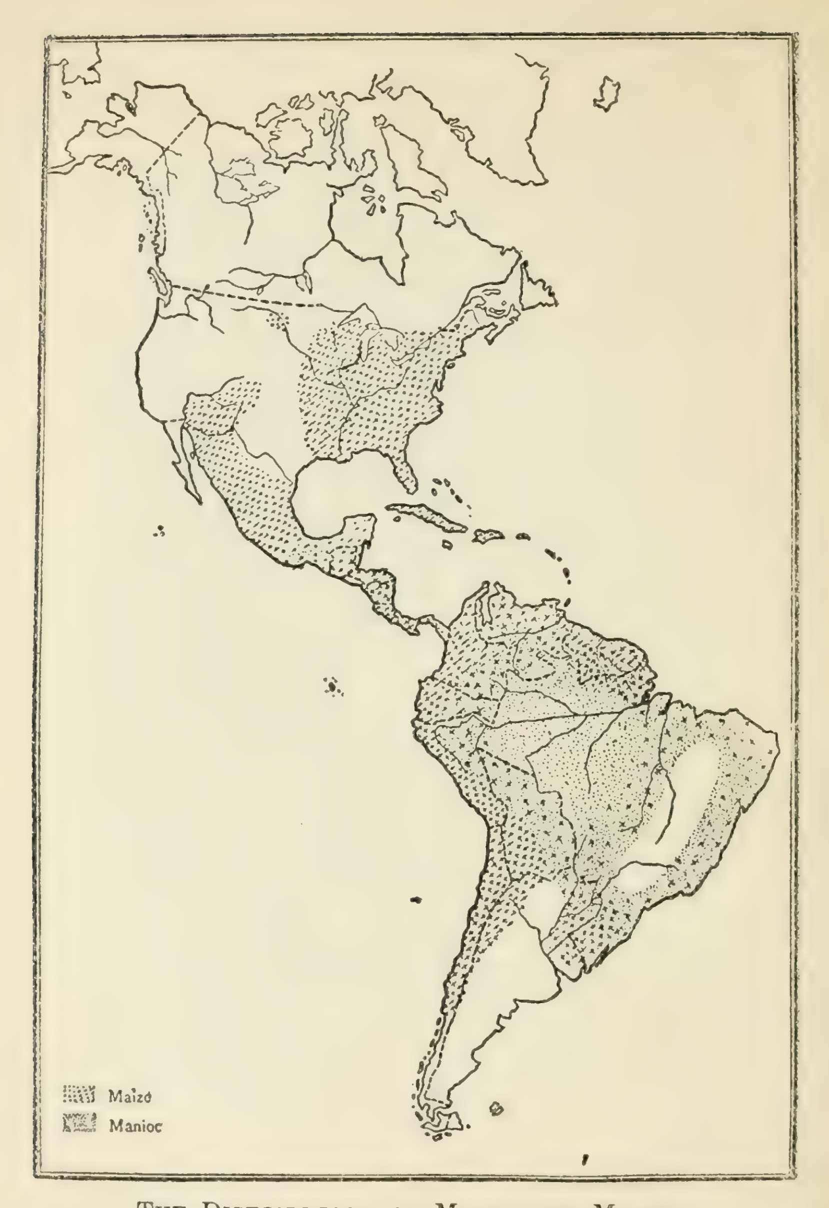
While I was at table, I could not but wonder how many of us who daily susist on foods bequeathed by generations long since forgotten, recognize our heritage; and how many know that these foods provided at the ranch were brought under cultivation in the New World before the coming of the white man. The Indian maiden, whose song floated in through the casement window of the ranch house, was a descendant of those once widely distributed agricultural Indians of the Americas. I reflected--how enormous would be the loss to present-day commerce.[1] if foods of Amerindian culture were stricken from its list? Do people know that, of the huge sum of money realized each year from the sale of farm products in the United States, four-sevenths[2] can be directly traced to the American Indians?

As my eye rested on the table-cloth, I remembered that the best cotton in the world is grown from American seed,--another inheritance from

1. Kidder
2. Spinden

the American Indian; and that none of the methods of hand weaving known to him have been surpassed by his white brother. Other discoveries which we owe to the pre-Columbian Indian came to my mind:-- their use of cocoa to alleviate pain suggested to modern science the isolation of cocaine; their use of Peruvian bark or quinine was observed and appropriated; and cochineal, one of the most prized of the world's dyes, was used in prehistoric Mexico and Peru. The sound of an automobile reminded me that the Spaniards learned from the natives of South America how to make balls and figures of the lactic juice of the rubber tree, and introduced "India-rubber" into the commerce of Europe; and that the wild Para rubber trees of South America, shown the white man by the natives, still produce the best rubber, and have long been the principal source of the world's rubber supply.______

Such thoughts had made me a poor table companion. I called the dog, refined descendant of the wolf and legacy to us of the patience of primitive man. We wandered out into the dry and vitalizing air of the desert, passing my traveling companion in an Indian hammock, enjoying his evening pipe, in careless ignorance of even these debts that he owes to the past. My faithful friend and I soon found ourselves in the vegetable garden of the ranch; there we stood between rows of Indian farm products,--kidney



THE DISTRIBUTION OF MAIZE AND MANIOC

By Courtesy of The Oxford University Press. (Towne. Clark Wissler.)

and lima beans, squashes, pumpkins, peppers, and the "Jerusalem" artichoke, that sun-flower root cooked by the Atlantic Coast Indians for Champlain's sustenance, called by him artichoke and by the Italian voyagers *girasole*, (sun-flower) ; and, growing apart by themselves the best of all native strawberries, of which Roger Williams, in his quaint language, said:--"In some parts where the Natives have planted, I have many times seen as many as would fill a good ship within a few miles compasse."

Where, I could not but wonder, would end the list of gifts provided for us by the first Americans? And the little Pueblo farms nearby became the ancestors of all American farms. There could be seen the fields of Indian corn, standing full and green, unaffected by the apparent need of moisture, and challenging us to improve upon the prehistoric knowledge of planting the native grain. What would have been the story, if our New England fore-fathers had not been taught this secret by the Indians in those first years of the Conquest?

A step or two, and we stood beside the vital source of all this luxuriance in the desert,--a six miles long irrigation ditch from the Rio Grande. Irrigation too was known to the American Indians before the coming of the Europeans. The conqueror could do no better than copy these canals for his own use, - - - even as he has used

the Indian trails from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the "country of the Eskimo to the southern point of Patagonia" for his railway, automobile, telegraph and telephone highways.

How greatly, I mused, is our modern life enriched by the bountiful bequests of our red brethren!--in music,--in poetry,--in the art of pure design,[3]--in romance,--in rhythmic and descriptive names--Massachusetts "blue hills," Connecticut, "long river,"--in the art of basket-making unsurpassed by any people,--in the snowshoe, the toboggan, the canoe, the game of lacrosse.....

The sun was setting over the desert. I was called to climb a ladder to the roof of an adobe house to see the Jemez Mountains ablaze with a fiery light whose brilliancy illumined with a rosy hue their eastern neighbors, the Sangre de Cristo Peaks. Twilight and night settled upon the earth. I went to rest in the desert's soothing silence, broken only by the distant yelping of the gentle collie's primitive cousins.

I saw the vision of a tree,--the tree of civilization with roots buried in the past.

IT IS WRITTEN

New Mexico Historical Review

No. 1, Volume 1, of The New Mexico Historical

3. Dallin

Review, from press this month, has received appreciative comment and here and there biting criticism, all of which is good for the future work of the editors. The leading place in the issue is given to the first two chapters of "New Mexico in the Great War," as recorded by the New Mexico Board of Historical Service and now published for the first time in its entirety. It is a valuable record of the heroism as well as the passions and prejudices that ran high during those vivid years. "The Breaking of the Storm" is the title of the first paper and "The War Executive" of the other, the former being written by Lansing Bloom and the other by Dr. Frank H. H. Roberts. Attorney Cheetham's most interesting account of "The First Term of the American Court in Taos," as read before the New Mexico Historical Society, is printed in full. It too is a record of a post-war period. The session of the court convened April 5, 1847, and made short shrift of those who were found guilty of having participated in the Taos Rebellion earlier in the year. Don Carlos Beaubien, the presiding judge, was a Canadian of French extraction and as the author states: "what he did not know about the law would fill volumes, yet, he was a man of intelligence and action." In fact, his action in hanging the rebels, was so summary that Padre Martinez sent a vigorous protest to Santa Fe, as is told in a note by Benjamin M. Read, the Santa Fe historian. Most important, perhaps, from the historical standpoint, is the con-

EL PALACIO

VOL. XX. JANUARY 15, 1926. NO. 2.

PAUL A. F. WALTER, EDITOR.

Published by the Museum of New Mexico and the School of American Research

A Semi-Monthly Review of the Arts and Sciences in the American Southwest.

Sent free to Members of the New Mexico Archaeological Society and the Santa Fe Society of the Archaeological Institute.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 16, 1918.

tribution by Dr. George P. Hammond of the Universtiy of Arizona, on "Don Juan de Oñate and the Founding of New Mexico," a new investigation into the early history of New Mexico in the light of a mass of new materials recently obtained from the Archivo General de Indias, Seville, Spain. "The Early Expeditions into New Mexico," and "The Controversy over Oñate's Contract," are the titles of the first chapters. The Necrology includes biographical sketches of Col. Ralph Emerson Twitchell, Col. Melvin Whitson Mills and Mrs. Mary C. Prince. Among the Book Reviews are "Mesa, Canyon and Pueblo," "Memorial to the Robidoux Brothers," and "The Southwestern Trails to California in 1849." "Notes and Comments" conclude the hun-

dred page number, illustrated with half-tone cuts,. There is every indication that "The New Mexico Historical Review" will be one of the most interesting periodicals dealing with history that is published anywhere.

MUSEUM EVENTS

Exhibits of Etchings and Prints

During January, the art galleries gave considerable space to exhibits of etchings, lithographs and other prints by George Plowman, C. A. Seward, A. B. Davies and F. G. Applegate. The Plowman exhibit included etchings which had won recognition by the way of awards and commendation by critics. In theme it ranged from New Bedford to Capri and Florence, and included London, Paris and Louvain, most of the etchings dealing with architectural masses and details, both classic and renaissance. Seward, on the other hand, less wellknown, has much to say about New Mexico, its landscape, its Indian architecture, its quaint corners. He also is happy in his lithographs of trees and foliage, of still waters and distant mountains, recalling something of the lithographs of Kansas scenery by Sandzen, but with lines softer and yet, formal. Through the courtesy of F. G. Applegate, theMuseum showed four etchings by A. B. Davies in his most intangible and mystic moods. To this exhibit Applegate

added two of his etchings, much in the same vein. Photographs, both landscape and portrait, by Wiswall, which were given an alcove early in the month, deserved to be ranked as works of art, both in spirit and execution.

Historical Society Meeting

At the January meeting of the Historical Society of New Mexico, forty applicants were elected to membership. F. T. Cheetham of Taos, vice-presient of the Society, read his translation of Los Comanches, a Spanish play given in Taos each winter in commemoration of a victory over the Comanches by the Spaniards and Pueblos. President Paul A. F. Walter spoke of the first portrait painter and photographer in Santa Fe and Secretary Lansing Bloom read by title a paper on the first printing press in the Southwest.

PERSONAL MENTION

Director Edgar L. Hewett and Mrs. Hewett are in San Diego for the spring months.

Assistant Director Lansing Bloom, Curators Chapman and Bradfield will attend the meeting of the Southwestern Division of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Phoenix, Arizona, in February, there meeting Director Hewett who will represent the San Diego Museum.

IT IS PRINTED

The Indians of Taos

The third of the delightful illustrated monographs by Blanche C. Grant, the Taos artist, dealing with Taos, its history, its Indians and their legends is from press. This volume is also enriched by reproductions of paintings by Awa Tsireh and other artists as well as of photographs taken by the author and others. Says the writer in the preface: "So much is slipping away that should be caught in hard print. Such has been my self-appointed task. Every possible care has been taken to cull the truth. Indian, Anglo and Spanish-Americans have all assisted me and for obvious reasons I am not at liberty to name them, but I believe their words worthy of credence. Crowded into a pit are the scholars, the Indian has the stage. It is his legends, traditions and historic facts I have tried faithfully to present. These are so interwoven in the Indian's mind that, only with the greatest caution, can one pull from the tangle, the threads which weave themselves into a semblance of truth." It is easy reading with citations of scientists and with statements that scientists will question, but all woven into a fascinating picture that will endear Taos still more to those who know it and prove invaluable to those who visit that part of the Southwest for the first time. In her opening chapter, Miss Grant tells of the migrations of the Pueblos and has the temerity to point out the similarity of Taos and Tao-Feh-King of ancient China. She quotes Castaneda, Benavidez, and

other Spanish chroniclers. Fayette S. Curtis, Jr., contributes a translation of the trial of an apostate Taos Indian as it is recorded in the Spanish archives in the Museum, and Twitchell's Leading Facts in New Mexican History are freely quoted on the Pueblo Rebellion of 1680, the Re-Conquest and other events. An interesting chapter tells of the Taos Fairs, to which came Comanches, Apaches, Utes. Navajos and Pueblos from far and wide in the early days. The terrible Comanche raids and the final victory over the wild tribes by Colonel Jose Valdez, something like a hundred years ago, the rebellion of 1847, the last buffalo hunt in 1884, are themes for vivid narration. The concluding portion of the book deals with the customs, ceremonies, traditions and folk-lore of Taos, making altogether a charming, loosely-knit story, which every one contemplating a visit to Taos should read and whoever visits Taos should take away with him for frequent reference and study.

IN THE FIELD

Central American Research

Dr. S. K. Lothrop of the Museum of the American Indian, whose Memoir on Pottery of Costa Rica and Nicaragua is about to be published, has gone to Guatemala to attend the annual fair at Esquipulas, where thousands of indians from all parts of Central America gather once a year to display and dispose of native artifacts, especially textiles. From Guatemala he will go to San Salvador to continue archaeological researches commenced two years ago.



Courtesy of School of American Research

New Mexican Pueblos at Harvest—Santa Clara



COURTESY OF PEABODY MUSEUM, HARVARD COLLEGE

Mexican "Teosinte Grass," Probably Progenitor of Indian Corn